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MAIN BUILDING OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

GREENSBORO N. C., FEBRUARY, 1898.

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THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT GEORGE T. WINSTON, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS,
BEFORE THE NATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

“The treatment and prevention of crime is undoubtedly one of the greatest problems of modern life. Our criminal, pauper and insane population amounted in 1890 to 340,996. This is equal to fourteen standing armies as large as ours. The entire population of the state of Vermont is not so large by nearly 10,000. If our criminal, pauper and defective classes were brought into one community they would form a state outnumbering in population fifteen states and territories now in the Union. One person among us in every 222 is an inmate of some prison, reformatory, public almshouse or benevolent institution. To house, feed, clothe, cure, educate and reform this mass of wretched humanity is a large item in the list of our public burdens and is becoming larger year by year.

"It is not my purpose to offer any suggestions regarding the treatment of the inmates of our penal and charitable institutions nor to discuss the causes of insanity and pauperism, but, as briefly as possible, to suggest a few practical measures for the prevention of crime.

FOREIGN CRIMINALS.

"Over one-half of our criminals are either foreign or colored, although these two elements constitute little more than one-fourth of our population. The foreign-born is one and a half times as criminal as the native white, and the colored citizen is three times as criminal. The native white, being 73 per cent of the population, furnishes only 49 per cent of the criminals, and of this 49 per cent nearly one-half, though born in America, were born of foreign parents. The native white population of genuine American parentage furnished only one-fourth of our criminal class. These facts very readily suggest a substantial diminution of crime in our country by preventing or properly restricting further immigration from foreign lands. Legislation on this subject, intended to improve the quality of the immigrants, has already had the effect of diminishing the ratio of crime among our foreign-born population. During the decade from 1880 to 1890 this ratio decreased $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Let the policy be carried further and still better results will follow. It is not demanded by humanity, nor is it consistent with the welfare of our country and the theory of our government, that we should continue to relieve other countries of their criminals or their material for criminals. Fifty-two per cent of our foreign criminals have so little regard for the opportunities of American citizenship and so little interest in the government and civilization whose protection they claim, that they have not even taken the trouble to become naturalized citizens. Seventeen per cent of them can neither read nor write. Instead of receiving immigrants of this character it would be wiser and more economical for the United States to donate annually \$25,000,000 or \$50,000,000 for their support and reformation in their own countries.

NEGRO CRIMINALS.

"The problem of crime among our colored population is far more difficult to deal with, but the statistics of the last census throw light on many of its most important phases:

"First—The colored element is more criminal than any other in our population. Their ratio for crime leads all others in our prisons and reformatories.

"Second—From 1880 to 1890 there was an increase of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent in the ratio of colored criminals to colored population; in other words, the colored population was one-third more criminal in 1890 than in 1880.

"Third—While 57 per cent of the colored population are illiterate, only 54 per cent of colored criminals are illiterate. The colored population that can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate. This is not true of any other element of our population.

"Fourth—The ratio of negro prisoners and all negro paupers to negro population is very much higher in the northern than in the southern states. In the North Atlantic states the ratio to the million of negro population is 7,547, in the south Atlantic 2,716. In the North Central states 6,351, in the South Central 2,984, in the Western 9,527. The negro is nearly three times as criminal in the North Atlantic as in the South Atlantic, over twice as criminal in the North Central as in the South Central, and three and a half times as criminal in the Western states as in the South Atlantic. In short, the negro is fully two and a half times as criminal in the states where he was free as in those where he was held in slavery.

"Fifth—Over one-third of the negro criminals are married, being the largest ratio of married criminals furnished by any element of our population, excepting the Indians. The negro is less deterred from crime by domestic relations than either the native white or the foreign white.

"Sixth—The chief crimes committed by negroes are those against person and against property. Their offenses against the government and against society are far less in proportion than those of the native born or of the foreign born white elements.

"Seventh—Nine-tenths of the negro criminals have no trade.

"Eighth—The female negro is less criminal compared with the male negro than the female white immigrant compared with the male white immigrant.

"Ninth—A smaller percentage of negro criminals were idle at the time of arrest than of criminals native born, foreign born, Chinese, Japanese or Indians. Idleness seems to be less a cause, or employment less a preventive of crime among the negroes than among any other element of our population.

"Tenth—A larger percentage of negro criminals are total abstainers from liquor and a smaller percentage are drunkards than in any other element of the population, excepting the Chinese and Japanese, but a larger percentage are enrolled as moderate or occasional drinkers than in any other element, excepting the Japanese. It

thus appears that the negro is less restrained by soberness than the white man, is less influenced by habitual drunkenness and is more influenced by occasional drinking.

"The above facts suggest the following considerations:

"First—The negro is far more criminal than the white man, either by nature or from environment and lack of education; he therefore requires more careful attention and possibly different treatment from that given the whites.

"Second—The negro is directed to crime more by temporary impulse than by idleness and want and is less restrained by education than the white man.

"Third—The negro is less criminal when living in large mass and when controlled according to the theory of negro inferiority to the white race than when living in small numbers, mingling freely with the white race and controlled under the theory of the perfect equality of the two races.

"Fourth—The kind of education that the negro needs is industrial and moral, enforced by severe restraints, rather than intellectual culture with freedom of conduct. After learning to read, write and cipher, the next most important thing for the negro is industrial and character training.

"Fifth—The negro woman is less criminal than the foreign white immigrant in similar conditions, and therefore is good material for development. The development of the negro race depends upon the development of the negro woman. The influence of the home, of the church and of social custom and opinion must be brought to bear in the improvement of our negro population, and this can be done only through the patient, careful and intelligent training of negro girls before they arrive at maturity. The two most important steps to secure this training are: First, the re-establishment of friendly personal relations between the negro race and the southern whites, whereby the southern white woman may be actively interested in the mental, religious and industrial improvement of the negro girl. This interest existed during slavery and produced as beneficial results as could be expected under a slave system, but the political animosities of the last twenty-five years have nearly destroyed it. If re-established it would accomplish more for the improvement of the negro than the education now offered him in the public schools.

"It is my belief that the southern woman would cheerfully and religiously undertake this Herculean task if the negro would allow it, but it can not be done so long as the two races are in solid political antagonism.

"The second step to secure the training of the negro girl is through industrial

schools. One well equipped, well managed industrial school in each county in the southern states would be worth more than half a dozen public schools of the present character.

"Sixth—The negro is more criminal as a free man than he was as a slave. This is perfectly natural and is due mainly to an increased opportunity, freedom of locomotion, freedom of vice, prostitution, gambling, drinking, fighting; freedom to carry deadly weapons; freedom from nearly all the restraints peculiar to slavery. These restraints have been cut loose, but not replaced by others. New desires, too; new passions and new ambitions have been created by freedom, but no adequate power has been supplied for the legitimate gratification of these new desires. The result is a large and rapid increase of crime, frequently so atrocious, diabolical and shocking in character as temporarily almost to destroy the reason of the white community in which the crimes are committed, driving them almost to a frenzy of summary vengeance. Year by year this state of things has developed from bad to worse. No man can see the end. One thing, at least, is sure—the negro is not receiving the sort of education nor is he subjected to the sort of restraint that tends to make him either a better man or a better citizen. The long and bitter political struggle to legislate the negro up to full social, civil and political equality with the white race, and the struggle of the southern white population to protect their property and civilization against the consequences of such a movement, have prevented this question of negro education and negro development from receiving, either north or south, the careful, impartial and intelligent consideration that it must receive if our country is to be rescued from the greatest peril that ever threatened it. The question of negro slavery was not so momentous as the question of negro freedom, negro citizenship and negro education. The negro problem is not ended, but has only begun.

YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS.

"Over one-half of all criminals in the United States are under 30 years of age; in the south nearly two-thirds come under this limit; of negro criminals nearly 70 per cent; of negro female criminals 75 per cent. These figures tell their own sad story and emphasize more than words the necessity for early training. As a matter of self-protection, if not from justice and humanity, the state should provide for every child within its borders a training adequate to make him a useful, honorable and self-supporting citizen. If private citizens will provide this training for their children, so much the better; if not, the state should provide it, and should see that

the children receive it, whether their parents are willing or not. From families that are depraved, vicious and criminal the children should be taken away and reared entirely under the direction of the state. These views may seem paternalistic to those who confound liberty with license, who glorify personal freedom at the expense of social progress and civilization, but these people do not belong in society: their freedom is the 'desolate freedom of the wild ass of the desert.'

"I beg leave to endorse the suggestion of the president of the Prison Association, made in his annual address, that compulsory education should be enforced throughout the United States and that it should begin with kindergarten schools. I would add that every public school should include, in every grade, music and other arts, manual training and athletic culture. It is getting fashionable to denounce our public schools as inefficient and not tending to prevent crime. The criminal statistics class as literates all who can read and write—a basis manifestly unjust to the public schools, as they furnish an education reaching deeper and further than is implied in reading and writing. But even upon this basis the illiterate population of the United States is almost twice as criminal as the literate.

"The public schools are also blamed for not furnishing religious training and are actually charged by some with increasing, instead of diminishing, crime. The decrease of religious training in our country is not due to the public schools, but to its neglect by other agencies which, half a century ago, regarded the religious training of the young as one of their foremost duties. There is something pitiful, to say the least, in the cry that is going up from so many churches, church organizations and church members, demanding religious instruction for their children in the public schools. What most of them desire, and really demand, is sectarian and theological instruction, intended to aggrandise their particular church organizations. In genuine religious instruction, based upon moral principles and moral conduct, guided and sustained by a belief in a life and an overruling providence, but without the spirit of sectarian prejudice and proselyting, the public schools, at least in the southern states, may challenge comparison with the private schools and the so-called church schools.

"If we rely entirely upon statistics, we will find that literacy is far more preventive of crime than so-called religious training. Statistics are not full on this subject, but those that we have speak very clearly. In the jails of Detroit, Michigan, during a period of twenty-five years there were confined 40,838 prisoners, of whom 37,089 had received religious training, and 2,249 had not. Ninety-three per cent of

all the inmates of the Elmira reformatory have received religious training. Of the prisoners in 200 jails throughout the United States, over 53 per cent had received religious training and less than 20 per cent had not. If the religious training of the young received the attention that it should in Christian communities, Christian churches and Christian homes, there would be less time and less occasion for denouncing public schools as ungodly and immoral. Our God is the God of truth and order and love and reverence and duty. These virtues are taught in every public school that deserves the name, and are taught in the great search for Him who created them, when He created nature and man. I have never been in the rooms of the first and second grades of our public schools, or in the kindergarten amid the budding blossoms of humanity without feeling that God was there. I am glad to say that at least one city in Texas, the city of El Paso, in our extreme north-western corner, maintains a free public kindergarten as the foundation of its public school system, and that the city of Austin maintains a free industrial training school. May the time speedily come when there will be 500 such in this imperial state.

NO PANACEA FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

“There is no panacea for the prevention of crime, but it may be greatly diminished if all the forces of civilization will work together. The number of criminals is doubtless surpassed by those who stand on the border land of crime, victims of vice, immorality and dishonesty, smart enough to escape the meshes of the law or hesitating which way to go. They will become criminals or not, in proportion as punishments are speedily and certainly inflicted upon other criminals, or in proportion as society encourages vicious, immoral and extravagant living, or in proportion as preachers of God's word bow before sinners in high places of wealth and power, instead of standing up boldly and proclaiming as did Nathan to David, ‘Thou art the man,’ or in proportion as mothers prefer the gewgaws and tinsel of fashionable life to the sweet and holy duties of home and child training, or in proportion as the public press spreads its daily meal of filth and caters to the baser passions, or in proportion as business men worship God in their Sunday clothes and mammon in their daily hearts. It is a rule of hygiene to keep the general health good if you would prevent sickness in any particular organ. This is an excellent rule for the prevention of crime, a far better rule than the administration of any one specific medicine. Even if we could prevent by legislation the production of offspring by the criminal, the vicious, the defective and the diseased, and even if we could secure

by education the perfect mental, moral, religious, aesthetic and physical culture of every child in the land, we would not then prevent crime, unless we could also control the social, industrial, political and climatic environment. All the forces of civilization are partly responsible for crime, and crime will increase or diminish as any one of these forces is exerted with more or less intensity in the right or the wrong direction. But of all these forces there is none so potent as complete education, for this, working upon the human being in the most plastic period of his life, is more able than other forces to correct the evil tendencies of heredity, to give a man control over himself and to fit him for controlling his own environment."

DANTE, THE LATER VERGIL.

ETHEL FOUST, '99.

Dante, the greatest poet between the Augustan and Elizabethan ages, and indeed the greatest of all the Italian writers, lived, wrote and died but little appreciated by his countrymen. Only after his death was his genius recognized, and Italy claimed the ashes of her exiled son.

Our knowledge of his life is meagre. He lived and wrote in exile, seeking solitude, and was familiar with few. There is but one authentic portrait of this poet, that painted by Giotto, but Carlyle says that from that face he sees the poet's nature as he believes he must have been, full of sadness, with a lonely look about the eyes, and yet ambition and pride clearly written amidst all the sadness.

Our conception of his character is based chiefly, however, on his works.

Pride there certainly is in this man—pride in himself and his work. His fondness for solitude, and his vivid imagination, who does not realize when he reads the Divine Comedy. The Divine Comedy though not his only work, is his greatest: the one on which the fame of genius rests. Dante gave the poem the title 'Comedy,' some say, because it ended happily; others because it was written in such style and in such language as to suit the taste of the common people. The adjective Divine was applied to it over a century later, by one of its admirers.

Leigh Hunt says of this great poem: "It is partly a system of theology, partly an abstract of the knowledge of the day, but chiefly a series of passionate imagina-

tive pictures—an account of the author's time, his friends, his enemies and himself, written to vent the spleen of his exile and to reform the church and state by a spirit of resentment."

The poem opens on Thursday in Easter week and closes ten days later. The soul of Beatrice Portinari whom Dante had loved so fervently, in order to warn and purify his soul, obtains permission from Mary, Queen of Heaven, to reveal to him the state of the soul in the next world. She sends Vergil, his great master, to conduct him through the lower world, while she herself leads him through heaven. Dante's hell descends in graduated circles from Jerusalem to the centre of gravity. Each circle represents the punishment of some vice, while at the centre of gravity in deepest hell Satan holds his sway.

Purgatory is the antipode of Jerusalem and rises as a lofty hill, the path up which winds round and round ever upward.

The sun and planets form a series of heavens terminating in the pure light of the Beatific Vision.

With marked significance Vergil is chosen as Dante's guide, his master as he himself confessed:

"Of the other poets honor and light
Thou art alone the one from whom
I took
The beautiful style that doth honor me."

Constantly on his trip through the lower world, his courage was strengthened as was his work by the influence of the great Latin poet. His love and reverence for his master is clearly revealed in that trip. There is in the poem a mingling of many and varying creeds, the old pagan divinities, and the later Greek and Roman deities and mythology, blending with the Catholic creed of Dante's own day. In the mingling of these creeds the similarity of Vergil and Dante is shown.

Vergil, although he lived long before the Christian era, was far in advance of his time and he causes the Sybil leading Æneas through Hades to say:

"Know first the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starlit sky
Are nourished by a soul."

Dante has placed over the entrance to one of the circles of hell almost the same words.

The Inferno is evidently modelled after the VI Book of the Æneid. The

figures that haunt the realms of darkness, the horrid Scyllas, and many-headed, many-handed monsters are copied from Vergil. Æneas enters Hades through the cave of the Sibyl and Dante meets the shade of Vergil in a dark wood. The river Acheron, the Stygian lake with its old boatman Charon, his rough, filthy attire and his glaring fiery eyes and boat of hide, the manner of appeasing Cerberus, are founded on Vergil, and Dido and other famous figures of the Æneid are seen in the Inferno mingling with men of the poet's own day.

The three great poems, Milton's, Vergil's and Dante's, are in striking contrast with one another in point of vividness.

Milton's Purgatory was indefinite, Vergil's Hades was more definite, but Dante's Hell is most definite.

True, Dante borrowed much from Vergil, but he made it his own, presenting Vergil's picture with more detail. He borrowed from Vergil but could not rob him. The same is true of Vergil as of Homer; he cannot be robbed of his glory and beauty.

But indeed there is something very similar in the character of these two men. Both had that piety of nature that could not be hidden in their works. Both possessed vivid imaginations and the power of expressing it in most fitting language. But Vergil is hidden in his work and unassuming, while the "ego" in Dante is prominent and he boasts of his beautifully written thoughts. The poetry of Dante was to Italy what that of Vergil was to Rome. They are among the few poets who have created a poetry in which the characteristics of the nation are revealed. Vergil's Æneid, says a great German critic, is to call the Roman race to piety. Dante's Comedy is most certainly a poem of reform. Vergil was the Christian poet of the Romans, and of the Inferno it is said: "It is a sublime embodiment, our sublimest of the soul of Christianity."

A TRIP TO SOUTHERN PINES AND PINEHURST.

THOMAS L. BROWN.

The start from Greensboro for the "Pines" on the 14th opened unauspiciously. Just as the engineer was oiling his engine immediately before starting, which is customary at terminal points, his watchful eye discovered a bolt connected with the

working of the brakes broken in two; no time was lost in detaching from the cars and in a twinkling men rushed out with jack screws, and putting one under the pilot wheel-platform and one under the cab-platform, soon had one side free from the track. It was no easy thing to secure just the right sort of bolt and not be seriously behind time, but the men worked like beavers and we started out only twenty-five minutes late. The remainder of the trip was without incident. The brightest look-in town between Greensboro and Sanford is

LIBERTY.

Many painted buildings were noticed there, a fine agricultural section undoubtedly having something to do with it. A great deal of rye for winter feed and early hay was growing there but nowhere else along the line. Everything looked green and thriving at Liberty, and if so there, why not elsewhere? was a question asked people getting on at other points, but with no satisfactory answer.

CUMNOCK,

the coal town, is prettily situated on Deep River, and how good it seemed to look once more upon a river! This is the beginning of the brown stone section; a little further on is

SANFORD,

the North Carolina town more famous for its brown stone output in Baltimore, Md., than in this state. Here are found quarries where the famous stone is shaped into all the different forms and sizes required by architects in large northern cities. Sanford is growing and it is doing more in planting shade trees than Greensboro is. Aside from that fact a better disposition for their protection is shown there. At 6 p. m. the train pulled into the lively town of

SOUTHERN PINES.

Electric cars were in waiting to convey those intending to go to Pinehurst, (six miles distant) and to the hotels at Southern Pines.

THE PARTY.

Our party consisted of Dr. B. Von Herff of New York City, Prof. W. A. Withers and Prof. W. F. Massey of Raleigh, J. Van Lindley of Pomona, and P. H. Beck and A. Rhodes of Southern Pines.

HORTICULTURE.

These gentlemen represented the directing force of the State Horticultural Society and the German Kali Works and had come together to discuss matters of much concern to the interests of horticulture and pomology, and not alone for the benefit of our own state, as all the states will hear of the results of the exhaustive tests under way and yet to be made at Southern Pines. Here are located the largest experiment grounds in the South; these grounds are now enough advanced to make excursions for study of especial value to all our college students. Comparatively little is known of the extent or importance of the work under way.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected at this annual meeting of the Society: President—W. A. Withers, Raleigh; Horticulturist—W. F. Massey, Raleigh; Secretary—T. L. Brown, Greensboro; Superintendent of Grounds—A. Rhodes, Southern Pines.

EXAMINATION OF GROUNDS.

After a thorough examination of the grounds and careful noting of every plat under test, arrangements were made for cropping in 1898. This discussion lasted two hours, and it was nearly 2 p. m. when adjournment was taken, the hungry committee being three miles from the nearest hotel.

THE JOURNEY.

Then came three miles of loose sand to wade through. Men are different from women in nearly every thing, but noticeably so when it comes to telling ages. It was soon ascertained who the elderly gentlemen were and these had bound themselves to set the pace for the younger men and show them their heels. Accordingly it fell to Prof. Massey and Mr. J. Van. Lindley to lead, but it soon became apparent that the real contest was between the two who are still comparatively young men. Mr. J. Van Lindley came in smiling, but a trifle warm. The temperature was 70 in the shade and a hot sun added to the discomforts of the trip. A brush-down by a very black young porter, a refreshing wash, and a brief rest and all were ready for

THE DINNER.

An especially prepared dinner was in readiness, and the way it disappeared was a hint to the genial manager St. John to discourage outing trips for his steady patrons.

MOORE COUNTY.

Moore county is interesting. It is chiefly sand and has an elevation about two hundred feet above Raleigh and other adjoining sections. The range of sand elevation has been found to extend to Louisiana. For centuries after the mountains were dry land, this section formed the shore of the ocean. There is sand—no end; wells are generally sixty feet deep, sand all the way down. There are no muddy wheels in that country, there is no substance in the pure white sand to stick, save on the foreheads of weary pedestrians who travel in the shifting soil, or, slipping on the tufts of wire grass, get a sprinkle in their shoes for ballast. The tall long-lea^d pines make either a gentle song or a mighty whizz according to the velocity of the wind. The dwarf "Black Jacks" (a stunted oak) seem to say "I've had a hard time getting as big as I am," but as no desert is without its oasis so Moore county is not without its beautiful spots of varied forestry, and we noticed here and there on either side of sparkling brooks, the dog-wood, persimmon, sweet gum, poplar, white oak and other trees that demand better plant food than the black jacks; as the donkey jack can live where other animals would die, so the black jack thrives in soils that yield food only for pine and wire grass, but there are good farming sections in the country.

A HEALTHFUL REGION.

Many people see no charm in this particular spot until they remember that where nature does the most for vegetation she does the least for the health of mankind. The Sand Hill Region of North Carolina is the first real healthful winter resort reached in the south from eastern cities. It was no mistake to locate there. The climate is uniformly good, and northern people who can not suffer the cold of their native section find here a land free from malarial influences, superbly drained, well-watered, dry under foot and a constant healing balm in the health of the bled pines on all sides.

PINEHURST.

Pinehurst, six miles distant from Southern Pines and connected by electric cars, is still forging ahead. A large new hotel is nearing completion, and a system of artesian wells of the purest water must work great popularity at that famous resort. Pinehurst is amusing itself in its own original style. When county court convenes an excursion is made up to attend, and they say they stow away enough fun for a month.

A visit to a Turpentine still is another feature of amusement, or a trip to the depth of a virgin forest, or a straw ride. A trip to some little town on the railway where advance agents are sent to prepare a dinner in a freight car, is, they say, "so romantic," and a camera party, taking snap shots at unsuspecting mortals, affords sidesplitting fun when the pictures are developed. And again they say "it is too funny" to see Mr. Tufts (the millionaire soda-fountain man and owner of Pinehurst) driving oxen hitched to a cart. The evenings are made brilliant with pleasure and in many ways which the writer did not have the time to ferret out life at Pinehurst and Southern Pines is made as enjoyable as it can be by all the inventive genius born of leisure and good living. The last object of interest in the pleasure life of these quickly grown towns was a peep at the gay peacocks and deer in the park or the plants in the botanical garden, a visit to a ten pin alley, and the golf grounds.

HORTICULTURE.

But to a lover of Horticulture the greatest charm of the place lies in the immense fruit orchards of the J. Van Lindley company—one orchard of three hundred and fifty acres, and another across the street of 100 acres. To better understand the magnitude of a 350-acre orchard one must actually get in it and walk through it. Centrally located is a track for conveying the fruit to the packing house where it is sorted and graded for the New York market. All the trees show a remarkably healthy growth; there are no "yellows," but the dreaded San Jose scale has been there as is evidenced by here and there a dead tree. The plan is to kill scale and tree together where badly infested. This is better than digging up, as the scale might be detached and communicated to adjacent trees. The capable manager, E. B. Hodgkin, is satisfied that he will root out the scale by another year. The fruit company are confident of success in this great venture, and unless something very unusual happens the coming season may surprise everyone with the output from the orchards. "It is wonderful" said Mr. Hodgkin "what a handful of properly mixed fertilizer can do for a tree in one year," and taking us over to the new orchard, we found a growth from mere little sticks to trees with a diameter of stem of one inch, a top three feet across and four feet high.

Moore county has a bright future, provided the fruit interests now so promising pan out up to expectations. The Niagara Grape Co. will this year have hundreds of acres of grapes in bearing. With these enterprises in a flourishing condition, and the belief that superior vineless sweet potatoes can be grown and preserved for

spring markets, together with the growth of the popularity of the section as a health resort, Moore county may well put back her shoulders and smile, and the town of Lindley, midway between Southern Pines and Pinehurst, may at any time come into prominence.

CAROLINE GREY.

L. DULLE, '99:

The Civil War left the country near Winchester, Virginia, a scene of ruin and desolation. Within a few years, however, patient industry had restored devastated homes, and the land again smiled with prosperity. There was one exception in the neighborhood to this re-established prosperity. Mr. Wilson Grey, a wealthy Englishman, having lost everything in the war, seemed to be completely stunned by his misfortune. Ill health soon increased his indifference and changed him into a peevish, cross old man, finding his only pleasure in his daughter in whom his love was centered. His great house was scarcely habitable, and, as visitors were annoying to him, he and his daughter, Caroline—poor Caroline Grey, as she was called—lived there in almost absolute seclusion. There was nothing left upon the place save a few cows and one faithful old slave, Nebo, who was family factotum and adviser.

About this time Dr. Charles Sumpter, fresh from his hospital course in New York, took up his abode at Nestle Down, in sight of the Grey home, Belle Grove. Nestle Down stood on the banks of the Shenandoah river, the lawn gently and gracefully sloping to the water's edge, and here Charles Sumpter after his professional duties were finished was wont to watch the sunset. One August evening, he lay there on the river bank listening to the gurgle of the stream, thinking of the legend of the river and its name. Almost overcome by the sublime beauty of the scene as the sun sank out of sight behind the old Massanutin, leaving it like an altar glowing and gleaming with living coals of sacrifice, his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a deep rich voice, and—

“The poor old folks at home, ye mind
Are frail and failing sair”—

pealed forth mid the evening stillness, and soon appeared the singer, a tall, graceful woman, her sun-hat swinging by its strings from her hand, and her dark hair stirred by the breeze.

"I canna leave the old folk now,
We'd better bide a wee."

She passed out of sight—the sky had grown gray, Charles Sumpter arose and went in.

Day after day he watched for her coming down the hill, out of the sunset, until she seemed a spirit of his dreams. But soon this vague knowledge of her no longer satisfied him; he must know this fair woman—how, he could not tell. His impression of her was not to be expressed. How could he say to his friends: "Who is this beautiful queen, whom I saw coming toward me out of the sunset?" Then he thought of her voice. Ah, yes! He would find her by that voice, which still sounded in his ears. In church, in the homes of the neighborhood, as he passed along the village street, he listened for that voice, but in vain. Meanwhile the fair singer appeared no more at the twilight hour. She had gone out of his life as mysteriously as she had entered it. However, it was not destined to end thus.

One evening late in October, Dr. Sumpter was on his way home from his round of professional visits, when he was overtaken by his friend, Mr. James, rector of that parish.

"Good evening, Sumpter," said he, "I was just coming for you. Come with me to see old Aunt Polly Hairston. The poor old soul has taken a great fancy to see you this evening, and would not rest until I had promised to bring you."

"Very well, Mr. James, I am quite ready to go. Aunt Polly will not live much longer, I fear."

As they approached the house they were conscious of some one singing, and Sumpter realized with a strange gladness that the voice, sought unsuccessfully, was found at last.

"Miss Grey has been a very angel of mercy to Aunt Polly, as she is to all these people," said Mr. James. As they passed the window Charles Sumpter caught a glimpse of a picture which is with him still. The low, bare room was lighted only by the glowing embers on the hearth. Near the bedside sat Caroline Grey, the fire-light falling full upon her, with eyes upturned and face earnest with the emotion of her song, holding in her strong young clasp the hand of the dying woman.

Without speaking the two men entered, Aunt Polly recognized them with a

smile, and said, in a whisper, that none but Caroline could hear, "Tell them to sing with you." And, standing there in the gloaming, they sang hymn after hymn, until the room had grown dark, and Aunt Polly's soul had passed away in the flood of sacred melody.

After arrangements had been made for the night, the three went together to Belle Grove, although Caroline protested that the faithful Nebo was in attendance. Having reached the house, they went in to tell Mr. Grey about Aunt Polly's death. He was better than usual, Caroline said, and would be glad to see them.

Sumpter could not but wonder at the strange air of fitness existing between the high old drawing room, its great bare walls, having only traces of its former grandeur, and this woman who so interested him. He was somewhat surprised, after all the stories that he had heard of Mr. Grey's ill nature, to find him, although bearing unmistakably the impress of illness, a most courteous gentleman, and his heart went out to him when he saw his eyes light up with pleasure as they rested upon his daughter. Sumpter sat long by his study fire that night, thinking of his meeting with Caroline Grey, so different from what he had dreamed of. He remembered the lofty earnestness of her face as she sat there in the awful presence of the Death Angel. How well she appeared amid these strange surroundings! They met again at Aunt Polly's funeral, and, after that Charles Sumpter's evening rounds always led him by the village postoffice, whither Caroline Grey went daily for her father's mail. Perhaps it was a coincidence that he met her on her way home each evening. These sunset walks grew very pleasant to them both; to Charles Sumpter they were the light of the days, and Caroline learned to watch for a tall broad-shouldered figure striding toward her down the street and to miss him strangely when he did not come. During the winter Charles Sumpter was often at Belle Grove, contrary to his custom, Mr. Grey, who was fond of music, had insisted that Charles should join Caroline in singing for his pleasure. He had been remarkably well all the winter, and as spring approached, a fancy strange to him, took possession of his mind. He was determined to entertain his friends at a formal dinner. The early hour of six o'clock was set for the dining, and Mr. James and Dr. Sumpter were the only invited guests; Caroline was to preside in her mother's first ball dress. After dinner they would sing old Virginia songs.

The day before the time appointed, on his way home from his evening rounds, Dr. Sumpter went to see Mr. Grey. After a few minutes pleasant conversation the Doctor said abruptly: "Mr. Grey, I came this evening to ask your permission to win your fair Caroline for my wife, if it be possible."

Mr. Grey sat staring at him as if in a trance.

"Charles Sumpter, do you know what you ask?"

"Right well do I! She has become the light of my life, and I cannot imagine what life would be without her."

Mr. Grey rose and paced up and down the room. After a long pause he turned and stood before Sumpter.

"Charles," he said, "I need not tell you what Caroline is to me, you have seen that from the first. I am a selfish old man, but I think I love her better than myself, therefore, if she loves you, she is yours, and may God bless you. Good-night, Charles, I will see you to-morrow." And the old man hastily left the room.

Dr. Sumpter was the first of the guests to arrive, the next evening, and just as old Nebo opened the door to admit him, Caroline appeared at the head of the stairs, dressed in an old-fashioned gown of white satin, slightly open at the throat. She wore no ornament save a single cluster of white violets in her dark hair. As she came forward to meet him, Charles Sumpter had never saw vision fairer; no, not even his sunset queen. Presently Mr. James arrived and they went down to dinner. Not long after dinner Mr. James was called away; and Mr. Grey, complaining of fatigue, retired to his study, asking Caroline and Charles to continue singing that he might enjoy their music while he rested.

They sang song after song, Caroline in her usual place with her face toward the sunset, and Charles before her where he could watch the expression of her face. Gazing far away toward the west, Caroline was conscious of his glance, and felt her cheek flush, she knew not why. As they sat there in the gloaming, Sumpter told her of his love, how her father had given her to him, how she had come into his life, a messenger from the land of the sunset; and when he left Belle Grove that night, Caroline Grey was his promised wife.

Early the following morning Dr. Sumpter was aroused by a message from Caroline saying that her father was ill, to come at once. When he reached the house he found Dr. White, the old family physician, already there. "It's no use, Sumpter," he said, "Grey has had a hard stroke of paralysis, and there is nothing to be done, now at any rate; we will see after a day or two."

"Does Miss Grey know?" asked Charles.

"Oh, yes; she insisted upon knowing at once and was quite overcome at first, but she is a brave girl, and soon recovered her self-control. Poor child, it falls harder upon her than upon Grey."

A week passed, the doctor gave the final decision. Mr. Grey might live for a long time, but would be almost entirely helpless.

One day as Dr. Sumpter was leaving Mr. Grey's room, Caroline asked him to wait for her in the study, she had something to say to him. She began at once, as she entered, her face pale with watching, but wearing an expression of pain borne with patience, which he had never seen there before.

"Charles," said she, "in my happiness in your love I have been very selfish. It does not seem possible that I should have forgotten my father, but it was even so. You know that I love you, Charles, but my first duty is to my father, I will not add to his suffering, and as long as he needs me, I cannot be your wife."

"But, Caroline, this is foolish. If ever you needed help, it is now. Why cannot I aid you in caring for your father?"

"No one can give me aid in this, not even you. Do not tempt me, I have fought against all these temptations. It cannot be. By your love for me, Charles, help me to be brave."

He bent over her where she sat, saying: "I will, dear heart, and strengthened by your strength, I will bear the burden you have placed upon me, as you have borne yours. But remember, Caroline, you are mine none the less, and I will be near to watch over you."

Even that comfort was denied. The next day he received a message calling him to London, to his brother, who was at death's door.

Caroline devoted herself to her father, doing everything in her power to lighten the tedium of his life. If sometimes her voice faltered as she sang to him the old familiar melodies, no selfish tears gave evidence of its cause. Meanwhile Charles Sumpter was traveling with his brother, who was slowly regaining strength, and required constant care as well as change of scene.

Years went by, Mr. Grey died and Caroline was left alone; but not alone, for the poor for miles around received her care. As she came from the village one day, by the old familiar way, she noticed that Nestle Down was open, and coming toward her down the road—ah, right well she knew that manly stride! They met there in the twilight, Charles and Caroline and went on their way together, hand in hand.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S VIEW OF MRS. RÖRER AND HER WORK.

LILY HOPE JAMISON.

The Philadelphia Cooking School is located at 1715 Chestnut street, near the central part of famous and historical Philadelphia. It is on one of the prettiest as well as one of the most prominent and convenient streets in the city. It is only a few blocks from the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and also near to the Market Street Station of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad—the largest railway terminals in the world. Towering above and overlooking this part of the city is the magnificent City Hall with its stately tower—the largest building in the city and the most imposing public structure on the continent.

The school embraces a number of classes in plain and fancy cooking, misses classes, housekeeper's classes, and a normal class. It is of the Normal class I shall speak.

The corps of teachers numbers six. These are Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, Director and Principal; Miss Evelyn Barr, Assistant to Principal; Henry Leffman, M. D., Chemist; S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., Biology (as it relates to the food supply); Miss Imogene Belden, Cooking in the Public Schools; Mrs. Emma Epley, Principal of the Sewing Department. This is now the twentieth year of the school.

The normal school embraces theoretical and practical cooking in all its branches marketing, housekeeping, cooking and serving breakfast, luncheons and dinners, care of sinks, stoves, china and silver, household economics, chemistry of foods, chemistry of cooking, food as it relates to health and disease, and hygiene. A course on teaching is given to those expecting to do such work. Each one is expected to take charge of a class and teach for three months or more. The course in sewing is also included in this. It consists of all the plain stitches in sewing, cutting and drafting patterns and garments, and suggestions in the finishing of garments.

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, Principal, is well known to all intelligent Americans. Her reputation is not only confined to Americans, but is world wide. She has devoted twenty years to the study of diet and cooking, and well deserves to be as she is—the leading cook of America. To those who have not had the pleasure of seeing or of hearing Mrs. Rorer, I will say that she is a perfect model of her teaching—health and right living—and as a lecturer she is exceedingly brilliant and fascinat-

ing. You may not always agree with her, and at times her words pierce like two edged swords, but they do you good. A sore spot which needs probing is touched. The subject of Domestic Science to be agitated, and Mrs. Rorer with her clear and penetrating insight into the subject is doing more for it than any one else. She is undoubtedly master of her profession. In addition to the practical work done under her supervision, she also gives twenty-eight valuable and instructive lectures. In these lectures she gives wholesome, practical advice concerning what we should eat and why; how these foods are adapted to the different parts of the system; how acted upon by the different mediums of the digestive track; when we should eat starches, when albuminoids; why bread should be baked very carefully; the effects of yeast bread when not well cooked; arguments in favor of coarse breads; the evils of fried food.

The students are also expected to visit the Hecker Mills, a Model French Kitchen, the public Cooking School, and the Cream of Tartar Factory of New York City.

Dr. Henry Leffman of the Wagner Institute, the Woman's Medical College, also author of a number of books on science is so well known that I hesitate to speak to him. He is a thorough scholar, and a skilful teacher. It is glorious to have the privilege of listening to such a master. We have eighteen lectures from him during the year.

Dr. S. C. Schmucker of the University of Pennsylvania is a brilliant young man with a promising future. He is intensely enthusiastic in his work and holds his audience spell-bound. His eyes beam with beautiful thoughts suggested to him by the study, which is nearest and dearest to him,—Nature. We have twelve lectures from him and in connection with the lectures we always have microscopic work.

Miss Evelyn Barr, Assistant to the Principal, is a graduate of the Philadelphia Cooking School, and is a bright intellectual woman, with a thorough knowledge of cooking in all its branches.

Miss Imogene Belden, a graduate from the Pennsylvania School and teacher of cooking and chemistry in the Philadelphia High School, is thoroughly practical and systematic in her work. She presents cooking as it should be taught in public schools.

Mrs. Emma Eply of the Sewing Department is the Principal of Sewing in the Public Schools of Philadelphia. She has thoroughly mastered her subject and has made it so clear, practical, and simple that a child can grasp it.

In addition to all this Mrs. Rorer continues her work at Mt. Gretna, Pennsylvania during the summer, where teachers and housekeepers who have not been able to attend her regular school may come in touch with her. The women from all parts of Pennsylvania and the neighboring cities avail themselves of the many valuable lessons from this great woman.

Domestic Science is still in its infancy, but twenty years hence the study of it will not be confined to a few schools and colleges, but will extend over our whole country. I trust that our dear South will not be the last in looking into this important branch of study. I long to see the day when a woman's diploma from an institution of learning will not mean that she is able only to teach in our schools and colleges, do office work, and fill numerous other positions which women are now filling both well and acceptably, but will also mean that she is fitted for her true, natural, and highest sphere—that of home-making. She should be able to live within her husband's salary, should know how to do her own marketing, to cook a dainty, wholesome, and palatable meal and serve it in a pretty and attractive way. Unwholesome food and poor management in homes are the cause of much of the unhappiness, misery, and sin of this world, and if women would direct their forces to this line of work which is the foundation, they would accomplish more than by lectures, societies, dabbling into politics, and crying down intemperance and other evils of the day. Progress must be made in natural lines or it is not progression. When woman goes beyond her sphere she has not progressed. To woman God has entrusted the rearing and making of nations and what can be more noble, more praiseworthy, more womanly than to be a homekeeper.

CHRISTMAS AT THE NORMAL.

SUSIE MACDONALD '98.

At last the 23rd of December, that long looked-for day, arrived, and amid confusion and consternation, trunks were packed (?) and properly tagged. Friday night found the girls settled in their various homes, but this self-same night found about eighty of us with board and lodging engaged at the Normal for the holiday.

The rooms looked deserted; every gentle (?) whisper echoed and re-echoed

in the empty halls, and faces grew longer and longer until it seemed that some of us who were more cheerful would be compelled to go home in self-defense. A mighty smile spread abroad when Miss Kirkland announced at the dinner table Friday that there would be a Christmas tree in the gymnasium that night. This tree was planted in the centre of the room, and the many, many presents artistically arranged. In the brilliant light of the candles, everything looked its best, and even the stockings which hung from every limb of the tree, and which were inclined, most of all, to make us home-sick, had no power to disturb our peaceful state of joviality. This was Christmas eve, and, with none of those numerous bells by which we are accustomed to be bothered, ringing, we rose and retired at our own good will. Breakfast was served at nine o'clock, dinner at three, and lunch, just "any old time." Before leaving the dining-room at dinner, we formed in line, table by table, and marched into Miss Turner's office to receive our allowance for supper. Each received a paper bag, (some red, blue, green, and yellow), the contents of which each day varied not at all except in these particulars—sometimes there would be ham-sandwiches, sometimes beef, then again not only the quality, but even the quantity failed to remain the same each day.

Christmas day—yet how unlike any that some of us had ever spent, but with full determination to make the best of everything, not one was allowed to mention "home" during the entire holidays. Dinner was announced—. Our new cook tried to surpass himself, and this dinner headed the list of the many sumptuous ones which followed. Turkey, ham, cranberry sauce, potatoes, pickles, cake, cake, cake, and ambrosia.

Miss Bruere announced that the young ladies of the Midway Dormitory would entertain those of the other two buildings that night, so with this cordial invitation we attended the "Backward Reception," and enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. Sunday surely came as a day of rest, and we prepared ourselves for a week's siege of fun. Not one mournful, doleful, countenance could be seen, but everybody's face seemed in one continuous grin, and brim full of fun.

We had our usual Sunday night service in the Brick Dormitory, and Monday morning found a few of us planning for the night. This resulted in a dance in the gymnasium, and Tuesday night found this room decorated in white and gold, and red, white, and blue from floor to ceiling and used as a reception room.

The Brick Dormitory girls issued invitations for a

The girls were dressed in some characteristic way to represent different books. Quite a rivalry sprang up when it was announced that a prize would be awarded the one who guessed the largest number. Kate Davis, '99, was the victor, winning six quires of essay paper—a very valuable gift at this season. Mr. Middleton of the Agricultural and Mechanical College distinguished himself and school by winning the "booby." On Wednesday night we attended the ever-memorable "Apple-Bobbing," and enjoyed a social evening. Thursday, under the guardianship of two dignified chaperones, nine of us hailed that Normal carriage of unlimited capacity, boarded it, and, early in the morning set out for Pomona, Guilford College, and the Battle Ground. Our short stay at the College was very pleasant. Mr. Pierson gallantly undertook to act as host, and did his best to entertain us and succeeded admirably.

By no means was our store of fun exhausted, for the Midway girls entertained us with a "Literary Salad." As there were so few girls in the Teague House, they were counted with the Midway girls in the entertainment. To the one who guessed the greatest number of authors of the quotations, was presented a box of Normal paper and envelopes. Susie Macdonald was the winner of this prize, and her friends thought this a very acceptable gift as she owed it all (and more too) to them.

On Thursday night, the most eventful of all the notable occasions, the "Geography Party" figured very prominently. The girls of the Brick Dormitory were dressed in some way representative of different geographical features, as lakes, seas, towns, countries, etc. Greece, Turkey, China, Tennessee, Red and Black Sea, and Rockingham are fair examples.

The few who had the pleasure of receiving invitations to Margaret Pierce's spread were fortunate indeed, for from the four corners of the earth she received a goodly supply. Like the Normal carriage, her box seemed of infinite capacity. With the kindly assistance of two of her guests, the turkey was gently placed in the centre of the room, and various and sundry things arranged round him. Words are inadequate.

New year's German ended Friday night's pleasure. Dr. McIver returned from Raleigh in time to help celebrate the occasion. At 12 o'clock the chapel bell, the three study bells, big bells, little bells, bells in tune, bells out of tune, rang the old year out and the new one in. We retired at 12:45 to a room on the second floor and beheld a banquet fit for "queens." Keith Covington, the hostess, acquitted herself with great honor—her guests with the same distinction.

During the holidays we were very much honored by visits of representatives from several of our most prominent educational institutions. Mr. Robt. Nettles, of Oak Ridge, Mr. Middleton, North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, Messrs. Speight, Hopkins, Claude McIver and Porter of the University, and Miss Carraway '97 and Miss Pittman '96.

' With painful expression on every face, we recalled the fact that Saturday night would end our festivities, (until mid-term examinations) so, with this in view we made the best of it. Our committee on arrangements did not prepare any regular program, but as usual we met in the gymnasium, danced, had games, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We gladly accepted the invitation which we found waiting us to Nina Knight's spread, and, although it was the last of the season, it failed to be the least.

Monday morning found the girls just pouring in, each so anxious to be the first to return. With due respect to our sister students, we candidly confess that we were willing to give them a month's holiday yet. We thought it a good plan to write each girl a postal telling her that unless she wished to, she needn't return until the following Saturday, but some of the more thoughtful ones decided that possibly it might interfere with the President's plans (we didn't do it).

Tuesday morning, Jan. 4th, school opened with very few vacant seats in the chapel, so, with this piece of remarkable obedience in view, the faculty will, without a doubt, unanimously vote to give us holiday at Easter.

EDITORIALS.

Three Important Educational Meetings. During the Christmas holidays, the Association of City School Superintendents held its thirteenth annual meeting at Greensboro, the Association of County Supervisors of North Carolina Public Schools held its first annual meeting in the hall of the House of Representatives at the Capitol, and the Association of Academies of North Carolina held its first annual meeting in Raleigh. Our information is, that, at each of these meetings, the attendance was large, the enthusiasm was great, and the papers and the discussions were practical, profitable, and able.

We wish long life and abundant success to all of these associations. May the educational interests represented by each of the new Associations receive from it the same wonderful impulse and inspiration that the city schools have received from the Association of City School Superintendents during the thirteen years of its useful career. May the country public schools and the private schools and academies, of North Carolina, multiply and progress as rapidly during the next few years as have the city schools during the past few years.

It is an auspicious sign—this organization of these educational forces—representing as they do the dearest interests of our commonwealth. Only in a more thorough organization and a more earnest cooperation of these forces may we find assurance of more rapid educational progress. Only in such progress may we find hope for the safety and the prosperity of our State.

A National University. To many people, who are interested in the welfare of our country, the need of a National University or a higher seat of learning has long been making itself felt. Washington felt this need, and, as a consequence, he made a provision in his will which should serve as a foundation for the establishment of such a University. He also chose some land, and the Federal Commissioners in the District of Columbia set it aside as a site for it. This idea originating with Washington has been supported by such thoughtful men and wise statesmen as Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams, Grant, Hayes, and others. It has been brought before Congress repeatedly, but no action has been taken, and the shares in the Potomac Canal Company, which were devised by Washington, have now become worthless, on account of the failure of the company.

A national committee of over three hundred men, among whom are some of the ablest thinkers of the day, is now at work trying to bring about its establishment.

Our country and its interests are yearly increasing, and with this growth there comes a demand for more highly trained experts in every field to improve old methods and devise new ones. If our government would provide a properly equipped National University for the training of these experts, much fruitless experimenting and great loss of time and money might be avoided. Many of our people go abroad in search of the training they deem necessary for their life work. With a National University this would largely cease and thinkers from Germany, France and other countries might come to us for preparation and ideas.

A greater University is needed toward which the university and college teacher may turn for higher inspiration and where he may go and talk with others who are interested in the same work in which he is engaged. By offering advanced education to the brightest of our young people, such a University would serve as an inspiration for the improvement of our common schools.

The advocates of this movement think we could do no greater honor to the memory of Washington, no greater service to our country than to give our best thought to help carry out this plan, thereby giving every person of ability an opportunity for the highest educational advantages, and thus preparing a brighter future for our republic.

We are all familiar with the old epigram, "Out of sight out of mind," but surely its application is not universal, and we feel assured that each of our Alumnae will always be glad to hear what success attends, not only the members of her own class, but all who have left our College as graduates, to seek their fortunes in the great unknown world. In order that such information may always be obtained by those desiring it, we would suggest to the Alumnae Association of the College the advisability of establishing an Alumnae Register, to be conducted by their Secretary. Each member of the Association should keep her correctly informed as to any change in her address, occupation, and last, but by no means least, her name itself. These statements should be carefully filed, and every three years printed in pamphlet form, a copy being sent to each Alumna, and so the whole body would have a means of communication. Now, while the number of graduates of the institution is small, the difficulty of establishing such a register would not be great; but as the years roll

by and the number of Alumnae steadily increases, the difficulty will grow, until what is now a simple undertaking will have become almost an impossibility. We mention this to the Alumnae in the hope that they will give it their favorable consideration.

The power of being individual, of being a personality, is essential to the man who would fulfil his destiny—his must not be a simple repetition of the thoughts and actions of others, but his own thoughts and the resulting actions, suggested by others, perhaps, and often like those of others, but yet the work of his individual mind.

Too often the aim of a life is the imitation of some great men or women. We try to be like them, to appropriate their knowledge as they have learned it. How false is this ideal! Each individual has a God given plan, which he must work out in his life. Not with some other individual as his model, but only the perfect plan of his own personality. Life is education, hence it is "the working out of the design of a human being into character."

The goal of life, then, should be this self-education, the working of God's plan according to the light which he has placed around us. More than this, the individual must believe in his personality, remembering that he is made in God's image, and that the divine nature is implanted in him. His life, in the eloquent words of another "is not an apology, but a life." He must have the courage to think his own thoughts, giving no heed to public opinion. "Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much."

We do not mean that a man should live in solitude, or should consider that his opinions and convictions alone are right. On the contrary, God has placed the individual among his fellows, and intends them to help each other in working out their personal life plans. Just as two flowers of the garden are mutually helpful. The tall sturdy plant aids the tiny frail one in its growth by protecting it from too great heat of the sun, and the tiny plant in return keeps the ground at the root of the great one moist by its foliage.

In all ages the men to whom we look back as benefactors were men of strong personality, who thought for themselves about things, and stood bravely by their convictions, if need be, against an opposing world. Comenius and others whom we call the fathers of education, fought for their convictions. Luther, before the Diet of Worms says "Unless I am proved to be in error, by testimony from Holy writ,

or by clear and overpowering reasons, I cannot and will not recant, because it is neither safe nor advisable to do anything against conscience." Christ when he was tried before Pilate could so easily have freed himself, but, he came into the world to suffer and die for men, and the object of his life was the fulfillment of that design. In our own everyday world those who exert greatest influence upon those around them and are said to have great personal magnetism, are always intensely individual. "Man is sent hither not to question, but to do." Let us therefore be individuals, working out our own life plans. That plan may not be as grand as some other, but Carlyle says that the worth of a man lies in his originality. And after all, he alone is truly great who, as perfectly as possible, fulfills the purpose for which he was created.

"Press forward, then, remembering that
Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate
Nothing to him falls early or too late."

A Plea for Athletics. "Where do you play and what do you play?" are questions which a Normal girl would find rather difficult to answer. The visitor to the Normal is shown our three well-equipped laboratories, our gymnasium, our reading, domestic science, art, music and typewriting rooms, and may even be carried over our elegantly appointed barn; but where! are our athletic grounds, for here it is that the most enjoyable, innocent and at the same time delightful play is indulged in.

Every afternoon at 4:15 "that Normal bell" rings, dormitories open and girls pour forth. This is the "Exercise Period;" and how do we exercise? We make a regular engagement with our chum, if we are so fortunate as to have one, clasp arms, saunter, and listen laddies! We talk love. This is the first way of taking exercise. The second: The girls with whom we have up "cases" have engagements and we walk alone and soloquize in about this strain:

"As I walk by myself and talk by myself,
Myself thus says to me,
Beware of thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee."

It seems to me that this ought not so to be. It has been proven by many experiments that the people, male or female, who keep themselves in the best physical

condition by proper exercise, food, sleep, etc., are capable of doing the greatest amount and best mental work. Herewith I issue a call to the Normal girls of '98: Let us form an "Athletic Association" which each and every girl is invited and urged to join. Let us elect our officers, make our plans and have everything in working order by the time the spring opens up. True, there is dancing Friday evenings for those who can, exercise of thirty-five minutes duration twice a week, in a room with thirty other girls for those in the Freshman and Sophomore Classes, but a half-hour game of Basket-ball, Tennis or Golf every afternoon, when we forget that we even possess a head, could but be beneficial to the physical and mental well-being of all of us. Dr. McIver, where shall we lay out our grounds?

Observance of Holidays. Just after the Christmas holidays, while our minds are very naturally "looking backward," and dwelling upon the subject of holidays in general, it is interesting to notice how certain objects and customs have become so associated with certain holidays that the one invariably suggests the other. With Christmas are associated holly, mistletoe, gifts and the children's friend, old Santa Claus; Easter—eggs and flowers; with the Fourth of July,—fireworks, flags, and patriotic speech-making; with Thanksgiving,—turkey, mince-pie, and the time-honored pumpkin. The different ways in which we celebrate these holidays have been handed down to us of the present generation, and we are likely to forget the true significance of our manner of observing them.

The name Easter is derived from Eastre, a goddess of the old Teutonic Mythology, who presided over spring. It was probably selected by the Christians on account of the significance of spring-tide, re-creation and resurrection. The custom of giving eggs was adopted to symbolize the Resurrection, and they were colored red in symbolism of the blood of redemption. The lily, the beautiful symbol of purity, is used for decoration at this season.

The Fourth of July would naturally be celebrated in a patriotic manner by Americans, and the firecracker doubtless serves occasionally to suggest to the small boy what his forefathers suffered during their war for independence.

The first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the Pilgrims of the Plymouth colony. Since their landing in 1620 they had had no day of rest except the Sabbath, but, in the following year, when the summer was past and the harvest was ended, they determined to have a period of recreation, combined with thanksgiving

to God for His many mercies. The Governor sent out huntsmen to secure game for a banquet,—wild turkeys included, probably—hospitality was extended to the Indians, and the first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated. There were services in the church, which were followed by a good dinner, games and merry-making. After the Revolutionary War, the custom extended west and south, and since 1683, its observance has been annually recommended by the President, and by the Governors of the several states.

The 25th of December is celebrated throughout Christendom as the birthday of our Saviour, "the light which shone when hope was born," and, coming as it does with us in the dead of winter, the holly and mistletoe are largely used for decoration, a traditional sacredness being attached to the latter. The early Christians, in order to distinguish their festivals and celebrations from those of the pagans, introduced hymns, the Christ-tree or Christmas tree, and the exchange of presents. We still employ some of their old customs, and certainly find it a season of good cheer and rejoicing.

The birthday of General Robert E. Lee, Jan. 19th, is a Southern holiday, on which we honor the memory of the noble leader of "The Lost Cause," and again catch inspiration from his life and character. The brave soldiers who gave their lives for their country, live again in the hearts of their countrymen, and on May 10th, the South delights to render a tribute to her gallant sons by covering their graves with beautiful flowers, trusting the expression of her love and pride to their language. The North has set aside May 31st, for Decoration Day and at that time, the soldiers who wore the blue are no less kindly remembered with garlands and flowers.

In this busy world it is necessary to health and peace of mind that we have holidays to divert the mind from everyday affairs. They are a boon to all working people, and it is the school-girl's regret that there are not more of them. May they continue to prosper.

On the 10th of January, the Hon. J. L. M. Curry visited the State Normal and Industrial College on his official tour of inspection of the schools which are aided by the Peabody and Slater Funds. He spoke to the entire college during Chapel exercises, and later in the day, visited the various class-rooms, laboratories, and the Practice School. From here he went to Winston to visit the Slater School for colored peo-

ple, and then to the many institutions further south, in which he, as agent of these funds, is interested.

Dr. Curry is a great-souled, earnest-minded man, and his words are always full of meaning, but his address to us on the morning of the 10th seemed unusually impressive.

"What are you here for, and what are you going to make of yourselves?" These were the questions he asked of the large assembly of Normal students. On the answer to these questions depends much of the present and future usefulness of this institution and of its students.

Life is our greatest responsibility, and since it is no more nor less than what we make it, and as it affects all those with whom we come in contact, these questions should strike deep into our hearts and demand an answer.

The very fact that we are here at all is a blessing which some of our sisters, as deserving as we, do not enjoy; and for this reason, if for no other, we should not treat this as a small thing, but as one of our God-given privileges to be improved to the best advantage. Since this College is one whose aim is to prepare teachers for the Old North State, let us realize the fact that we are here preparing ourselves for a life of useful service.

We are here to learn to become independent, to walk uprightly, to stand alone, so that when we leave the shelter of our "Alma Mater," we may not be weak and helpless, and unable to battle for ourselves. We are here to cultivate our God-given powers of mind, to help others, to share with others that which we receive, to brighten the lives of those whose path ignorance has darkened.

What we are ourselves we make others, therefore only to that height where we stand, can we lead others. Let us strive to ~~shirk~~ no duty, however humble, to scorn no good from what ever source it may come, to put into practice all the beautiful lessons of truth which we have been diligently taught day by day.

**New Professor
of Pedagogy
at the University.**

At the recent meeting of Trustees of the University the vacancy in the chair of Pedagogy caused by the resignation of Prof. C. W. Toms, was filled by the election of Prof. M. C. S. Noble, who has for more than fifteen years been the successful Superintendent of the Wilmington Graded Schools. Professor Noble was educated at Bingham School, Davidson College and the State University. He has taught in the Summer Schools of the State nearly every year since he

became a teacher. His recent election has been favorably commented on throughout the State.

Mr. Noble has, from its organization, been a member of the Board of Directors of the State Normal and Industrial College and is a member of its Executive Committee.

In addition to the special tax voted at the August election to supplement the public school fund, the citizens of twenty-five townships have raised subscriptions to go into the public school fund in their respective townships, and as the Attorney General has decided that under the law the citizens of any township can pursue the same course up to July 1, it is probable that the public schools in many more townships will be aided by private subscription. Wherever this is done, the State duplicates each dollar just as if it were raised by taxation.

Including the special tax voted, the following communities up to this date have taken advantage of the local tax law to supplement their school fund:

Bertie county,	-	-	-	-	1	Township,	-	-	-	-	\$	374.98
Buncombe county,	-	-	-	-	7	"	-	-	-	-	-	1138.39
Cleveland	"	-	-	-	1	"	-	-	-	-	-	265.00
Davidson	"	-	-	-	1	"	-	-	-	-	-	103.41
Greene	"	-	-	-	1	"	-	-	-	-	-	354.50
Haywood	"	-	-	-	1	"	-	-	-	-	-	210.00
Hyde	"	-	-	-	1	"	-	-	-	-	-	492.62
Jackson	"	-	-	-	5	"	-	-	-	-	-	450.00
Mecklenburg county,	-	-	-	-	2	"	-	-	-	-	-	541.74
Rutherford	"	-	-	-	4	"	-	-	-	-	-	1850.35
Surry	"	-	-	-	2	"	-	-	-	-	-	653.02
Watauga	"	-	-	-	2	"	-	-	-	-	-	169.49

\$6603.50

This means that the State will soon adopt the principle of local taxation for public education.

"AMONG OURSELVES."

Since our last issue quite a number of improvements have been made around the buildings. Trees have been planted, drives and walks laid off, and we are confident that when spring's warm breath brings out the grass and covers the trees with foliage our College home will be more beautiful than ever before.

On the third of December a charming entertainment, the second number of our course, was given by the Frances Hughes Concert Company. We recognized with pleasure, Miss Hughes and Mr. Wade, favorites of last year.

A number of new girls began the New Year with us. We are glad to have them among us, and extend to them a most cordial welcome.

Examinations and the day of reckoning are upon us. Fortunate is the girl who looks forward to them with neither fear nor trembling. It is not so with us.

Dr. Curry made us a day's visit, not long since, which we enjoyed very much. He is always welcome among us, coming, as he does, with a hearty interest in our work, and well-timed words of help and encouragement.

We are glad to notice that the greenhouse is filling up. Ere long, it will be a very paradise of beauty and fragrance.

One of those girls, who *do* dread examinations, wrote to a friend, lately, as follows: "Oh, my dear Georgia, pray, pray hard, for this poor miserable digger after knowledge, in the Greensboro mine."—Verily the ore of knowledge is hard and deeply hidden.

The Y. W. C. A. has purchased a new set of gospel hymns, much to the satisfaction of all. Those of us who do not sing, like to have a book, just for the looks of the thing.

The Junior class meetings are many and apparently interesting these days, but what is it doing. Who can say? It seems determined to let not its *left hand* know.

Mr. Brown's special music class gave a recital not long ago, which was very much enjoyed by those in attendance. We are confident, from the evidence of the past, that the young ladies did themselves and their instructor great credit.

We are glad to welcome the new trained nurse, Miss M. S. Wyche, who has lately come among us, but sorry to greet her with the measles.

Dr. McIver took a census of the school as regards Scarlet Fever, Measles, Mumps, and Whooping Cough, making us feel our importance—a thing extremely rare among us. It is doubtful if the Monitors received a monetary commission on each person enrolled, as do city census takers.

We learn that the professor of Geology in a neighboring college, told his class that Miss Bryant and her class of Normal girls would meet them at Mt. Airy on Thanksgiving day. The young men were very much delighted, so the story goes, and the class increased by about fifty, for the trip. We hope that the absence of Miss Bryant and her girls did not cool their Geological ardor.

Not many nights since, the Cornelian Society was entertained by a representation of "Young Dr. Frances Devine." The Society's best talent was employed, and the play was rarely enjoyable.

The Adelphians met our old friends Tom Sawyer and Mark Twain's "Innocents." Tom was evidently enjoying life, and so were the Innocents.

Miss S. Anna Parker, of the class of '98, did not return after the holidays. The seniors are sorry to lose her from their class, but wish her all success. The class numbers only thirty now.

Mr. Brown has organized a Glee Club from the school's musical talent. They practice twice a week at the lunch period. On those days the corridors of the main building echo and re-echo with the melody of their voices.

The College is expecting Mr. Brown's blue books, and "Up Comes The Morning" for Chapel exercises, immediately after examinations. Speed the day!

The third number of our course of entertainments, to be given by the students, is in preparation, and will appear upon the boards some time in the near future.

The societies have added about one hundred new books to the Library, since our last issue. They are principally works of fiction,—among them many of the later books. They are well chosen and well-bound; and in all respects the societies and the College may justly be proud of them. These books will be a source of great pleasure and profit to the students generally, and the societies could not have made a better investment.

The pupils of the Practice School gave an entertainment in commemoration of General Robert E. Lee's birth-day. All students of the Normal were invited, and heartily enjoyed the program rendered.

One or two girls have the measles and none of us can cough or sneeze in peace, nowadays.

Mary Winchester, *femme de chambre* of the Midway Dormitory, celebrated her nuptials in great state, not long ago. Mrs. McIver, Miss Kirkland, Miss Bruere, Dr. Gove, Miss Mendenhall, Mrs. Carraway, and others were among the invited guests. The inhabitants of Midway are glad to learn that she will continue with them as Mrs. Smith Garrett.

The Senior Class has decided to have readings instead of regular programs at its class-meetings. We think this a very commendable decision, and suggest that the Juniors follow this good example.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Miss Frances Hill, '96, has charge of the fifth grade in the Concord Graded School.

Miss Irma Carraway, '97, after spending the holidays at the College with her mother, has gone to take charge of the primary department of the Goldston High School.

Miss Stella Middleton, '96, is engaged in teaching a public school near Rose Hill, N. C.

Miss Margaret Perry, '95, has accepted a position as teacher in the Robeson Institute, Lumberton, N. C.

Miss Zella McCulloch, '93, is now Mrs. T. Jack Cheek, and is living at Maywood, Alamance county, N. C.

Miss Sallie Davis, '96, made a very welcome call at the College a few days since. She has been taking a week's holiday at her home in Greensboro, N. C., but has now returned to her work at the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

Miss Nellie Bond, having taught the public school at Laurel Bluff in Surry

county, has been employed by the patrons to teach a private school at the same place.

Miss Mary Milam, '96, is teaching in Kinsey's Institute, Wilson, N. C.

Miss Mabel Wooten, '96, has resigned her position in the Mt. Airy Graded School, in order to accept a similar one in Lenoir county.

ABOUT FORMER STUDENTS.

Miss Annie Long is teaching in the Graham School.

Miss Mary Speight is teaching a public school near Raleigh.

Miss Paulina Smallwood is at her home in Washington, N. C.

Miss Lynda Singletary is teaching a public school near Faison, N. C.

Miss Mamie Haywood is teaching a public school near Magnolia, N. C.

Miss Tilly Lee is pursuing her studies at the Oxford Female Seminary.

Miss Lela Gilliam is enrolled among the pupils of Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Mary Sheppard now holds a position in the Wilmington Graded Schools.

Miss Maggie Howard is spending her leisure time studying art at her home, Coneto, N. C.

Miss Effie Cain is one of the large number of our girls who teach in the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

Misses Nannie Clark and Lena Pennington are spending the winter at their home, Tarboro, N. C.

Miss Mattie Moore and Miss Emily Whitley are in Williamston, N. C., enjoying the pleasures of a winter at home.

Misses Lizzie and Carrie Lawrence are at their home in Oxford, N. C. Miss Lizzie is assistant book-keeper at the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

The many Normal girls who now hold positions in the public or private schools of the Old North State give abundant proof of the need of such our institution.

Miss Tempie Battle is studying music in the University School, Rocky Mount, N. C. Would that we had a conservatory of our own to offer instrumental musical training to those desiring it.

Miss Minnie B. Peace, one of the first year's students, has charge of the music in the Rosebud Graded Schools, Rosebud, Texas.

Miss Kate Duffy is telegraph operator at Currie, N. C.

Miss Julia McEachern has been teaching in South Carolina.

Miss Daisy Farrish is teaching a public school in Caswell county.

Miss Estelle English is at Guilford College continuing her studies.

Miss Mamie Malloy is teaching at Barker's Cut in Robeson county.

Miss Edna Walker is teaching in Hayesville College, Hayesville, N. C.

Miss Emily Gibson has entered Miss McCullough's Select School near Baltimore.

Miss Laura Falls has charge of the third grade in the Statesville Graded School.

Miss Sethelle Boyd has returned to the Normal for special work in the Practice School.

Miss Nannie C. Duffy is book-keeper for the firm of Wingate Bros., Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Ida Hinson is studying at Greensboro Female College, paying especial attention to instrumental music.

Miss Annie L. Davis holds a position as stenographer in the Standard Sewing Machine Office in Richmond, Va.

Miss Alice Speight is teaching a public school near Tarboro, N. C. She has a music class in connection with her other work.

Miss Mattie Buchanan is stenographer in the office of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Velna McCulloch is book-keeper for the Mercantile Establishment at Pinehurst. She also has charge of the circulating library.

Miss Blanche Gunn is spending the winter in making a recovery from a serious attack of typhoid fever, which prevented her return to College in the fall.

Miss Bessie Whitaker has charge of the fourth grade in the Mt. Airy Graded School. Her many friends at the Normal were delighted to have her with them for a night not long since.

Cards are out, announcing the engagement of Miss Caroline Eller to Mr. Paul

G. Welch. Miss Eller is one of the stenographers for the Odell Hardware Company, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Minnie Dancy delighted her many friends in College by a short visit recently. Miss Dancy has been elected principal of the school in Randleman, N. C., where she has been teaching. We rejoice at such evidences of her success as a teacher.

Miss Lily Hope Jamison is studying with Mrs. Rorer this year at the Philadelphia Cooking School. Miss Jamison has very kindly given the readers of the MAGAZINE a short but very interesting article descriptive of the work in that most excellent training school.

MARRIAGES.

SUIT-BARBEE—On the 22nd of December, 1897, Miss Minnie Barbee, of the class of '97, was united in marriage to Mr. Spenc Suit, of Durham county.

The Normal extends congratulations and best wishes. Their home will be in Durham county.

HENKEL-DUNAVANT—At the Episcopal church, Morganton, N. C., January 12th, 1898, Miss Lila Dunavant to Mr. Vance Henkel. Mr. Henkel is one of the well-known firm of Henkel, Craig & Co., of Lenoir and Blowing Rock. We hope all happiness may be theirs in the life they lead together.

PATTON-CRAWFORD—Miss Maggie Crawford and Mr. Erwin Patton were married in the Methodist church, Franklin, N. C., December 8, '97. Congratulations.

TOWNSEND-TOWNSEND—Miss Lillian Townsend, one of the students at the Normal during the first year, was recently married to Mr. H. A. Townsend. They are now living on Mr. Townsend's farm at Fulmore, N. C.

SMITH-MALLOY—Miss Annie Belle Malloy, formerly a member of '97, was married during 1897 to Mr. Arthur Smith, one of the leading merchants of Renert, North Carolina.

THOMPSON-TOWNSEND—Married, Miss Sallie Townsend to Dr. N. A. Thompson, of Chadbourne, N. C.

LITERARY NOTES.

Robert J. Burdette's latest is entitled "Chimes from a Jester's Bell." It is replete with that wit and humor which American authors seem to be especially heir to.

Interesting alike to children and adults is Imogen Clark's "Will Shakespeare's Little Lad" which tells so charmingly of the son and two daughters of the great English dramatist.

The latest edition of "Quo Vadis" is illustrated. "Quo Vadis" is a narrative of the time of Nero. The original was written in Polish by Henry Sienkiewick and has been translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Its success is phenomenal.

Thomas Nelson Page again charms Southerners with one of his "befo de wah" down South stories. This last is entitled "Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War." It has been very tastefully illustrated by the Misses Cowles.

"Brownie Lovaine," the heroine of "A Lovely Little Lady," by Miss Dolf Wylland, is the most delightful child that has appeared in fiction since little "Lord Fauntleroy." The story, however, is one for grown-ups.

Very like the "Heavenly Twins" is Sarah Grand's new novel, "The Beth Book." There is the same vivid, life-like portrayal of the childhood of the heroine, followed by her marriage to a brute in maturity, and the same cry for social reform. It is a book that will be widely read but will live only on account of the true pictures of childhood which it presents.

Those who so much enjoyed Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" will note with delight the beginning of a serial story in the December McClure's entitled, "Rupert of Hentzau, from the Memoirs of Fritz von Tarlenheim," a sequel to the above. This number also contains an installment of Charles A. Dana's "Reminiscences of Men and Events of the Civil War."

"The Ladies' Home Journal," always delightful, is just now made particularly so by two series of letters. The fourth of Miss Bell's letters to the Journal is entitled "Lilian Bell's First Days in Paris," and is written in her own bright, breezy, charming style. The second series is entitled "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Minister's Wife," and shows us that the lives of people in the highest social circles are quite as full of petty annoyances as those of people less fortunate.

"Hawthorne's First Diary, With an Account of Its Discovery and Loss," by Samuel T. Pickard, gives us some interesting information concerning the early life of that great American novelist. The authenticity of the diary is doubted by many but sincerely believed in by its publisher.

"The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" together with biographical sketches and portraits, edited by Frederick G. Kenyon, brings us into closer relationship with this perhaps the greatest of all women poets. Many of the letters are to her husband and reveal to us that at least one literary marriage was not a failure.

General Harrison's book, "This Country of Ours" gives to the public an account of the machinery of this government in its daily operations which is particularly welcome.

Amelie Rives' new romance is entitled, "A Damsel Errant." Let it suffice to say that it is written in her own fiery style.

"A History of French Literature" drawn from the best authorities is a faithful work by Edward Dowden.

The author of "Uncle Remus" again comes to the front with "Aaron in the Wild-woods." It is the story of a fugitive slave who hides in the swamps, and who is befriended by a little crippled white boy.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A GIRL'S TOOL CHEST.

When a girl desires to button a glove,
Or to fasten up her shoe,
Or to pick up a pin that's in a groove,
Can you tell me what she'd do?

Perhaps she desires to eat a nut,
Or an olive from a jar,
Or the leaves of a magazine to cut,
Or supply a bolt or a bar,

Or to pick the lock of her writing desk,
Or to supply a hinge for the same,
Or to punch a hole, or uncork a flask,
Or toast to make in the flame.

Perhaps it's to frizzle her hair she aspires,
Or else a few stitches to knit;
Or to take the peel from an orange desires
And then to punch out the pit.

Do you think there's a separate tool for each one?
'Tis certain that girls you don't know;
Her hand through her hair she simply will run
For a hair pin. Now isn't it so?

History Teacher.—Miss Jones, can you tell us when History began?

Miss Jones.—Yes. It really began in pre-historic times.

Teacher.—Miss A., give me a sentence with Oliver Wendell Holmes for its subject.

Miss A.—Oliver Wendell Holmes was a great poet.

Teacher.—Now Miss B., will you give me one with anthracite coal for its subject?

Miss B., (with assurance).—Anthracite coal was a great musician.

TO MY SWEETHEART.*(A Study in Color).*

MINNA C. BYNUM.

The color of your eyes? How can I tell?
The color where the sweetest looks dwell.
Your eyes are heaven, and therefore must be blue,
The tender color of my love for you.

The color of your cheek? How answer this?
The color that the sweetest is to kiss,
That feels like apple-blossoms, sweet and light.
It must be like those blossoms, pink and white.

The color of your lips? How shall I say?
The color where the sweetest smiles can stay,
Where tender curves and dimples sweet are wed;
A color soft and warm, it must be red.

The color of your hair? How should I know?
'Tis far more bright than any sunbeam's glow,
Its meshes hold my heart-string's throbbing might,
It must be golden for the bands are light.

ECHOES OF THE PRACTICE SCHOOL.

Senior in Sixth Grade.—James runs.—Is the verb transitive or intransitive, and why?

Bright Pupil.—Intransitive, because it does not require an object to complete its meaning.

Senior.—Good. Now what about the verb in this sentence? James struck John.

B. P.—It is intransitive again, for the same reason.

Senior.—No, it is transitive. Doesn't struck require an object to complete its meaning in this sentence?

B. P.—No, it has already got one.

SENIOR.—Jennie, what is an adjective?

JENNIE.—It is a word that mortifies a noun. (It might in some instances, as an ugly girl).

SENIOR.—William, put that knife in your pocket right away, and if I see you playing with it again, I'll have to confiscate it. Do you know what that means !

PUPIL.—Well, I should think so, it's what you do to everything I bring up here except the clothes on my back.

EXCHANGES.

We are sorry not to find the latest issue of many of the College Magazines in their accustomed places on our Exchange table, and we can but wonder at their absence. Perhaps it is not a well known fact that our magazine is issued only quarterly, and so a few may have thought that we were negligent in returning the courtesies so kindly extended us. If so, we wish to assure them that this is not the case, and we hope that in the future we may find all of our friends occupying their now vacant places.

Right heartily do we welcome the University Magazine back into the field of College journalism, and wish it much success in this new era of its history. In most respects the December issue was up to the old standard of the Magazine, and "The Story of a Snow Bird's Nest," from which we quote the following poem, seemed to us especially good:

TO THE CAROLINA SNOW-BIRD.

"I know a place where the snow-bird nests,
You may seek for it near and far;
But only the parents beside me know
The place where their treasures are.

'Tis a mossy bank on the mountain's side,
And with wood-land girt around;
While close below is a laughing brook
That loves the enchanted ground.

'Tis a quiet nook for the snow-bird's nest,
Where the laurel blossoms dream;
And only the moss and the drooping fern
Guide the foot-steps of the stream.

Oh ! warm is the heart of the mother bird,
As she warms her eggs in the nest,
For all the day her mate sings on
Of the love which fills his breast.

And often times when my heart grows tired,
And the day seems drear and long;
I steal away up the mountain's slope
To hear the snow-bird's song.

For the happy notes of the little prince
Bid my sorrows flee away;
And the rolling hours are one sweet refrain,
And in gladness wanes the day.

And where'er thro' life my path may lead,
Will his singing dry my tears;
As the memory of his liquid notes
Floats down thro' the falling years."

In behalf of the football hero, we print the following tribute from the Easterner:

" He was a phantom of delight
When first he burst upon my sight,
A startling apparition, sent
To be our team's great ornament.
Above his brow and awful stare,
Like midnight rose his flowing hair,
A figure padded, muddy, huge,
With zebra socks and spiked shoes,
A perfect tackler, nobly planned,
With muscle, nerve and lots of sand."

The Converse Concept is to be congratulated on the marked improvement in its December issue.

We wish most gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of "Quips and Cranks" from Davidson College. Both the annual and the monthly magazines reflect honor on the student body and especially on the board of Editors.

The Trinity Archive seems to be more than fulfilling the promises of its first issue, except in the department of fiction, but in criticising the fiction in all the college magazines we cannot do better than quote from an editorial in the last issue of the Guilford Collegian.

"In the college magazine one sometimes comes upon a story original and noble in plot, healthful in tone and bright and fresh in expression. For its author we have only words of encouragement. But something vitally important is often lacking. In writing fiction it is as needful to have something to say as in writing anything else. Sometimes the idea seems to have crept in that "just any old thing" is good enough material for a story. Something worth saying need not be heavy. It may be "in lighter vein," bright and witty. If anyone has a right to be happy and hopeful, next after the Christian, it is the student.

Then the spirit should be healthful. One of the worst mistakes to be guarded against is setting a false standard and giving wrong ideas of life. To picture life as it is and to grasp its truth and lessons is success, but no sentimental ideal, nor theory of chance, nor of immediate reward for every virtue will improve upon the plan.

Too much space cannot be given even to the best fiction without injuring the symmetry of the magazine. By all means we should publish whatever is demanded in so far as it accords with a high standard, but ought not the student's own paper to represent well all departments of his work and seek to form proper taste for all rather than give undue prominence to any one?

The Chatham Citizen, Greenville Daily Reflector, Statesville Landmark, Tarboro Southerner, Vine Hill Cadet, Our Church Record and County Union are always gladly welcomed among our exchanges.